Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

Ro. No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts a dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a tortoys hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skins
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Appothecarie:

Appo. Who calls so lowd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth

Doth hurry from the fatall Ca
Poti. Such mortall drugs I h
Is death to any he that vtters t
Ro. Art thou so bare and fu
And feareſt to die, famine is in
Need and opreſſion ſtarueth i
Contempt and beggery hangs
The world is not thy friend, n
The world affoords no law to
Then be not poore, but break
Po. My pouerty, but not m
Ro. I pray thy pouerty an
Po. Put this in any liquid th
And drinke it off, and if you h
Of twenty men, it would diſpa
Ro. There is thy Gold, wor
Doing more murther in this l
Then theſe poore compounds
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſo
Farewell, buy foode, and get t
Come Cordiall and not poyſo
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt

Enter Frier Iohn

Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier

Enter

Law. This ſame ſhold be
Welcome from *Mantua*, what
Or if his mind be writ, giue m
Ioh. Going to find a bareſ
One of our order to aſſociate
Here in this Citie viſiting the
And finding him, the Search
Suſpecting that we both we
Where the infectious peſtile
Seald vp the doores, and wou
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3